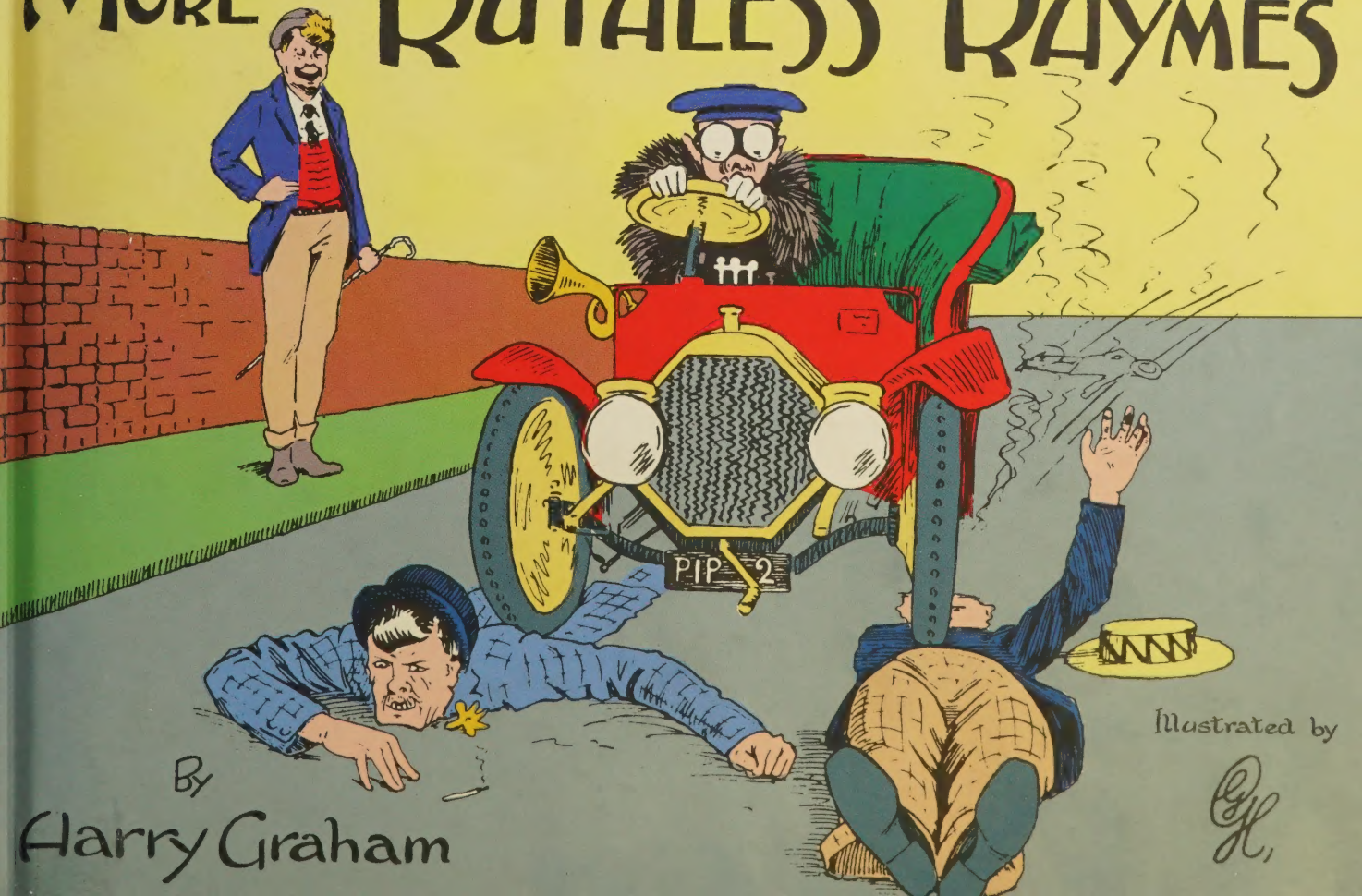


MORE RUTHLESS RHYMES



By

Harry Graham

Illustrated by

G. H.

MORE RUTHLESS RHYMES

for HEARTLESS HOMES

By
Harry Graham

Pictures by *GH*



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HARRY GRAHAM

Harry Graham was born in 1874. He trained for a military career at Sandhurst and joined the Coldstream Guards, after three years taking up an appointment as aide-de-camp to Lord Minto, then Governor-General of Canada. He saw active service in the Boer War and in 1904 resigned from the army to become private secretary to Lord Roseberry. Before that, while still in the army, he had written the verses in this book. Under the ingenious pseudonym Col. D. Streamer, they were first published in 1899 in *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes*. From 1906 he devoted his time entirely to writing — biographies, novels, plays and the lyrics for musicals as well as verse.

He was an engaging character and an excellent companion. With a fine sense of the ridiculous combined with a taste for the macabre, he wrote, in a completely deadpan manner, rhymes of the most memorable silliness. On his death in 1936 *The Times* paid tribute to him in a leading article entitled 'What Nonsense!' He is generally regarded as one of the best writers ever of a peculiarly English kind of nonsense.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

*WITH guilty, conscience-stricken tears
I offer up these rhymes of mine
To children of maturer years
(From seventeen to ninety-nine).
A special solace may they be
In days of second infancy.*

*The frenzied mother who observes
This volume in her offspring's hand,
And trembles for the darling's nerves.
Must very clearly understand,
If Baby suffers, by and by,
The ARTIST is to blame, not I.*

*But should the little brat survive,
And fatten on the Ruthless Rhyme,
To found a Heartless Home, and thrive
Through a successful life of crime,
The Artist hopes that you will see
That I am to be thanked, not he.*

*Fond parent, you whose children are
Of tender age (from two to eight),
Pray keep this little volume far
From Baby's reach, and relegate
My Verses to an upper shelf,
Where you may study them yourself!*

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THE STERN PARENT

FATHER heard his Children scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
“Children should be seen, *not* heard!”



NURSE'S MISTAKE

NURSE, who peppered baby's face
 (She mistook it for a muffin),
Held her tongue and kept her place,
 "Layin' low and sayin' nuffin'";
Mother, seeing baby blinded,
Said, "Oh, nurse, how absent-minded!"



JIM; OR, THE DEFERRED
LUNCHEON PARTY

WHEN the line he tried to cross,
The express ran into Jim;
Bitterly I mourn his loss—
I was to have lunched with him.



THE FOND FATHER

OF Baby I was very fond,
 She'd won her father's heart ;
So, when she fell into the pond
 It gave me quite a start.



EQUANIMITY

AUNT Jane observed, the second time
She tumbled off a bus,
“The step is short from the Sublime
To the Ridiculous.”



TENDER-HEARTEDNESS

BILLY, in one of his nice new sashes,
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes:
Now, although the room grows chilly,
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.



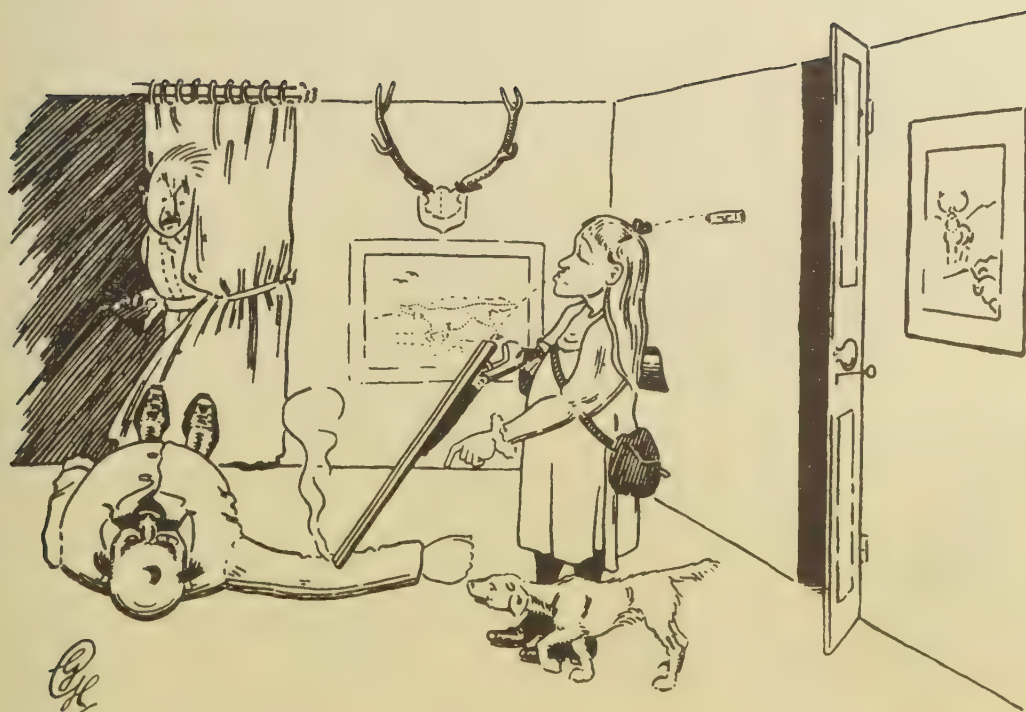
APPRECIATION

AUNTIE, did you feel no pain
Falling from that willow tree?
Will you do it, please, again?
Cos my friend here didn't see.



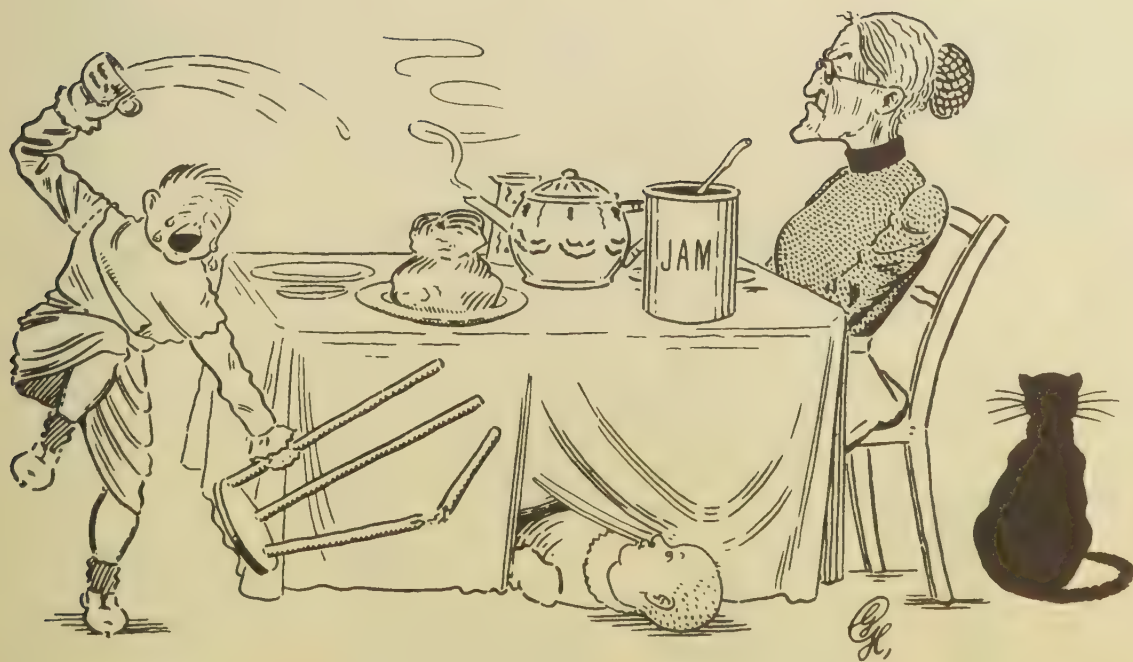
CARELESS JANE

JANE, who shot her Uncle Bill,
Said his death did not affect her,
But, which makes it sadder still,
Broke my "Hammerless Ejector."



IMPETUOUS SAMUEL

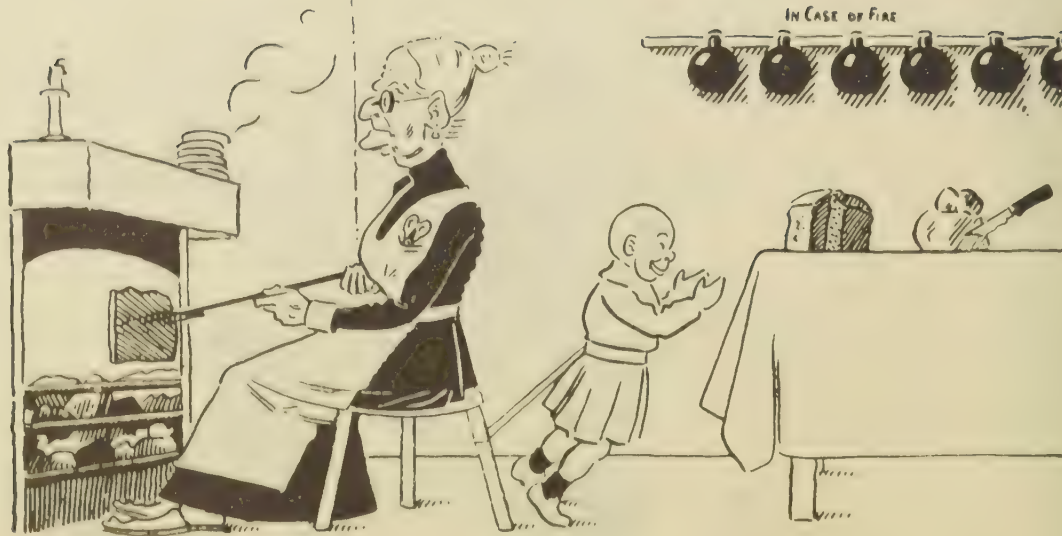
SAM had spirits nought could check,
And to-day, at breakfast, he
Broke his baby-sister's neck,
So he shan't have jam for tea!



CALCULATING CLARA

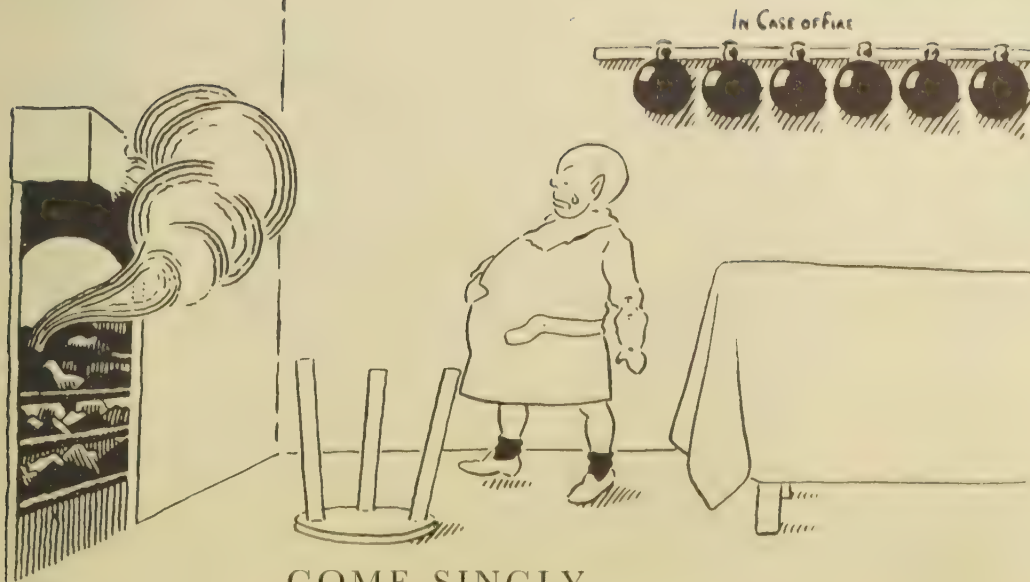
O'ER the rugged mountain's brow
Clara threw the twins she nursed,
And remarked, "I wonder now
Which will reach the bottom first?"





MISFORTUNES NEVER —

MAKING toast at the fireside,
Nurse fell in the grate and died;



COME SINGLY

And, what makes it ten times worse,
All the toast was burned *with* nurse.

MR. JONES

“THERE’S been an accident!” they said,
“Your servant’s cut in half; he’s dead!”
“Indeed!” said Mr. Jones, “and please
Send me the half that’s got my keys.”



LA COURSE INTERROMPUE

- (i) JEAN, qui allait à Dijon
 (Il montait en bicyclette),
Rencontra un gros lion
 Qui se faisait la toilette.

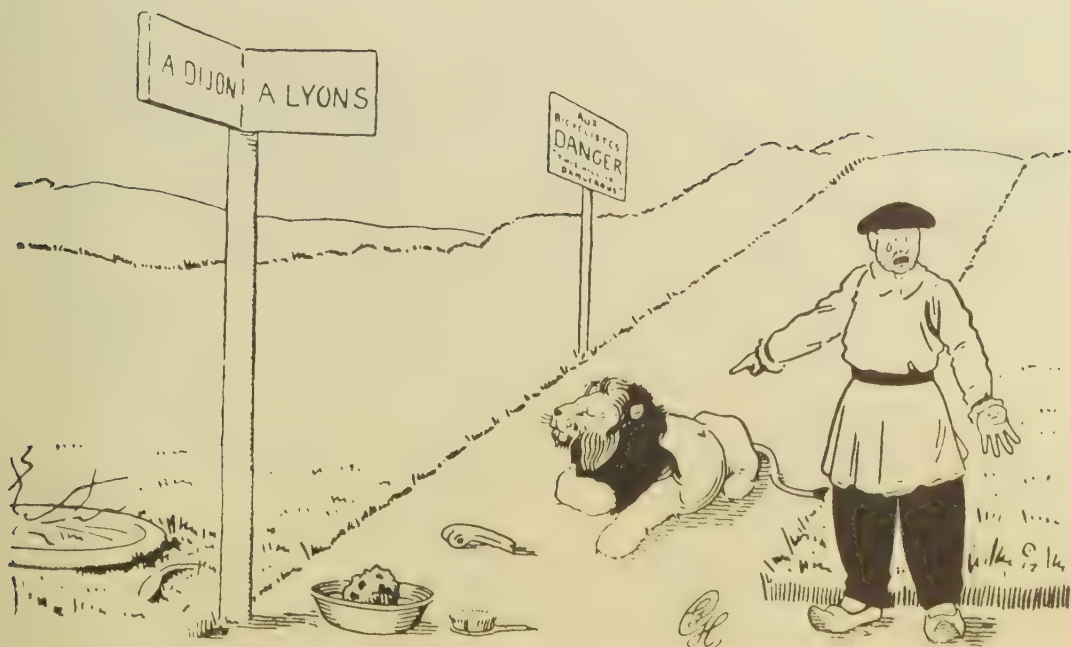


LA COURSE INTERROMPUE

(ii) VOILA Jean qui tombe à terre,
Et le lion le digère!

* * * * *

Mon Dieu! Que c'est embêtant
Il me devait quatre francs.



AUNT

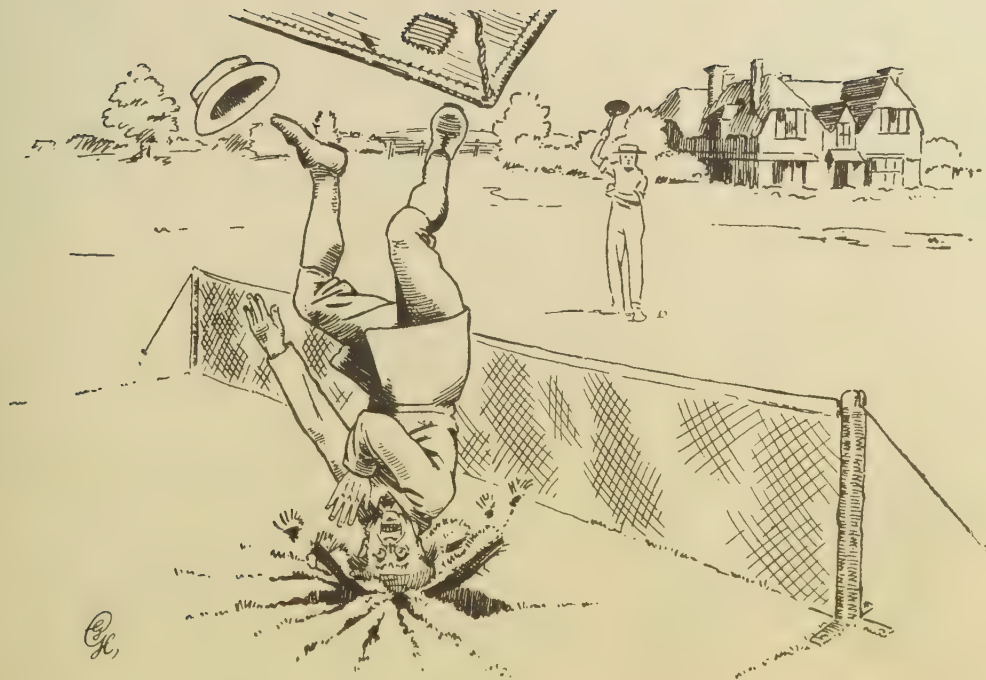
AUNT, a most delightful soul
But with little self-control,
 When run over by a "taxi,"
 Grew unconscionably waxy.

She could not have made more fuss
Had it been a motor-bus!



U N C L E

UNCLE, whose inventive brains
Kept evolving aeroplanes,
Fell from an enormous height
On my garden lawn, last night.
 Flying is a fatal sport,
 Uncle wrecked the tennis-court.



NECESSITY

LATE last night I slew my wife,
 Stretched her on the parquet flooring;
I was loth to take her life,
 But I *had* to stop her snoring!





AUNT ELIZA

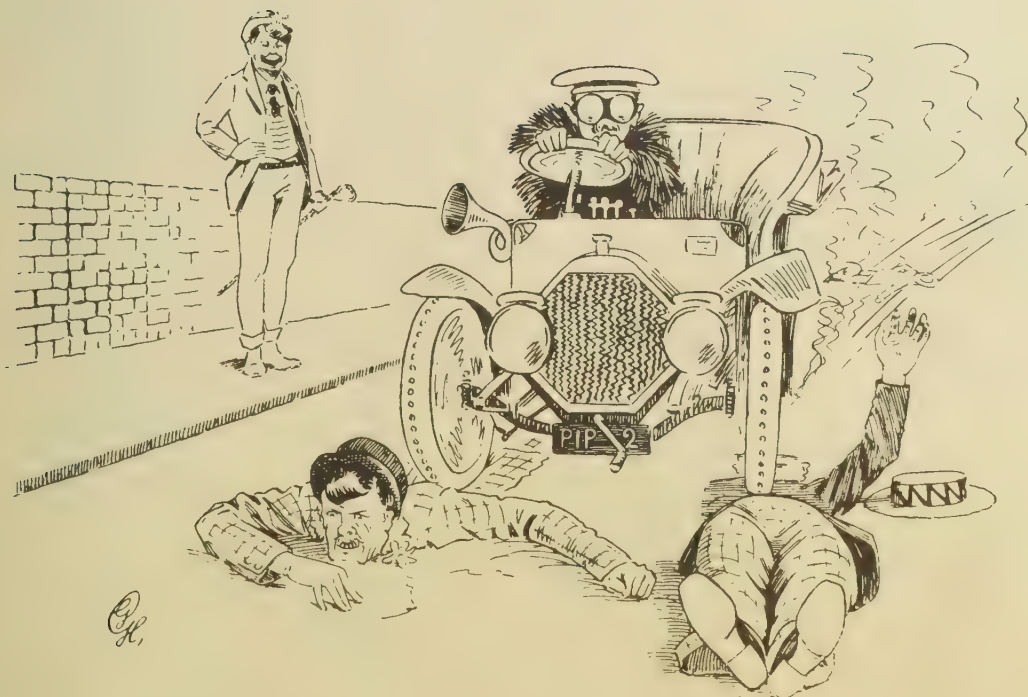
In the drinking-well
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Eliza fell



. . . . We must buy a filter.

INCONVENIENCE

I COLLIDED with some “trippers”
In my swift De Dion Bouton;
Squashed them out as flat as kippers,
Left them “aussi mort que mouton.”
What a nuisance “trippers” are!
I must now repaint the car.



MOTHER

WHEN a child of tender age,
I'd a monkey in a cage.
Now I have no need for pets,
Mother's joined the Suffragettes.



DARLING

BABY in the cauldron fell,
See the grief on Mother's brow
Mother loved her darling well,
Darling's quite hardboiled by now!



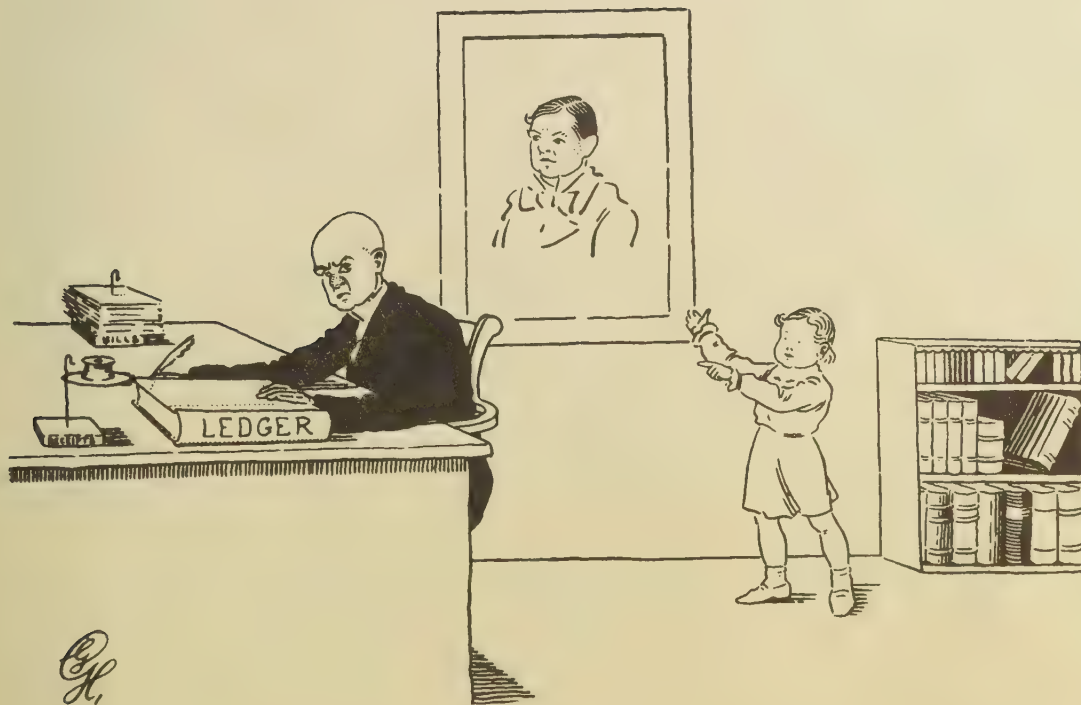
UNCLE JOE

POOR Uncle Joe has gone, you know,
To rest beyond the stars.
I miss him, oh! I miss him so!
(He had *such* good cigars.)



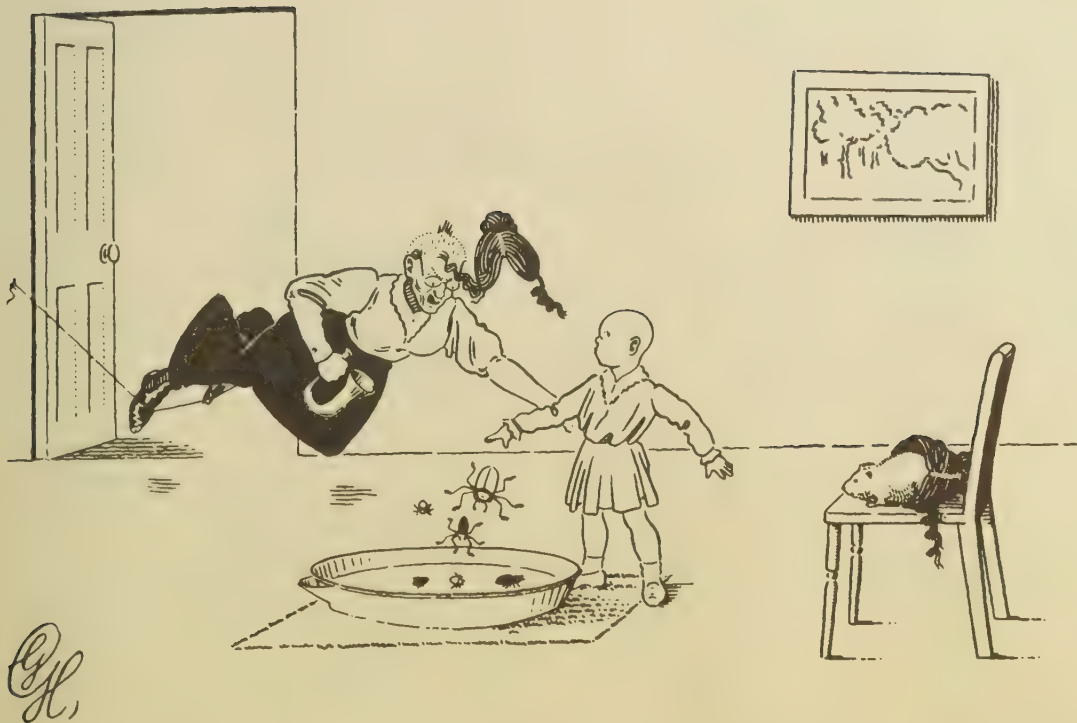
THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

- (i) *DON'T* tell Papa his nose is red
As any rosebud or geranium;
Forbear to eye his hairless head
Or criticise his cootlike cranium;
'Tis years of sorrow and of care
Have made his head come through his hair.



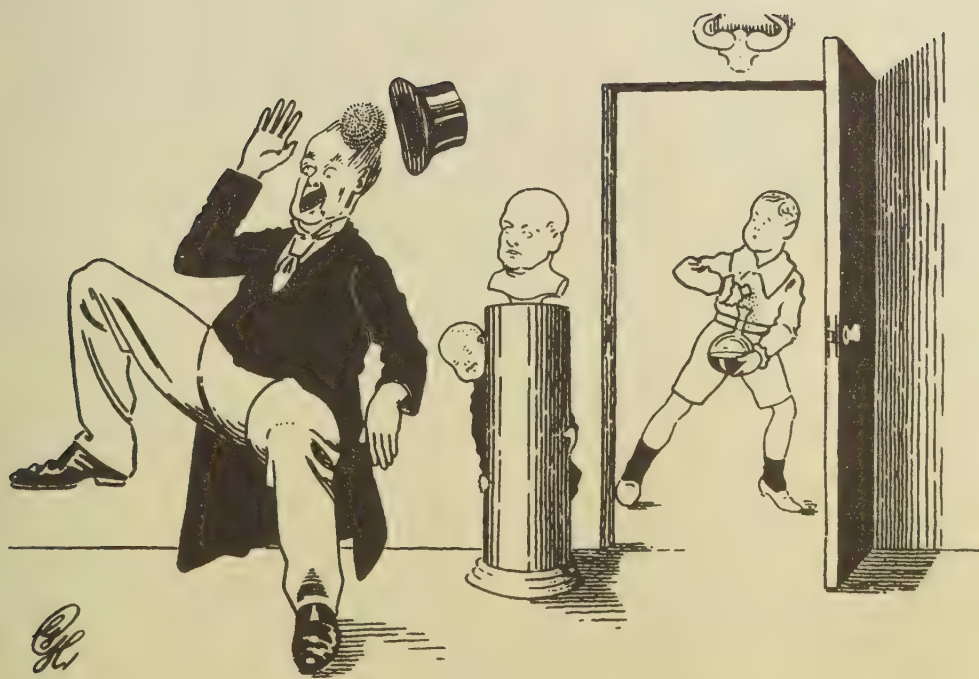
THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

- (ii) *Don't* give your endless guinea-pig
 (Wherein that animal may build a
Sufficient nest) the Sunday wig
 Of poor, dear, dull, deaf Aunt Matilda
Oh, *don't* tie strings across her path,
Or empty beetles in her bath!



THE CHILDREN'S "DON'T."

- (iii) *Don't* ask your Uncle why he's fat;
 Avoid upon his toe-joints treading;
 Don't hide a hedgehog in his hat,
 Or bury brushes in his bedding.
He will not see the slightest sport
In pepper put into his port!











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